

By BIDE DUDLEY

"I don't know Sir Herbert's intention exactly," said Mr. Burton. "You may state that they are honorable but remote."

Sir Herbert made half a dozen farewell speeches. And now they've all gone to waste.

"MACBETH" AT THE GAIETY.
Incidentally, arrangements have been completed whereby Sir Herbert Tree's motion picture version of "Macbeth" will go into the Gaiety Theatre Monday afternoon for a limited engagement. It has been at the Rialto.

OSCAR'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

Oscar Hammerstein was seen yesterday in a small shop on Broadway buying two 75-cent shirts.

"That's enough to pay for a good shirt," he said, when accused of extravagance.

"That's all he ever paid," said Lyle Andrews, who has been in the employ of the Hammerstein family for years.

Remember one time when we were giving grand opera at the Manhattan, Mr. Hammerstein needed a couple of shirts. He came up to my office and said:

"'Lyle, what's the payroll going to amount to this week?'
 "'Sixty thousand dollars,' I replied.
 "'All right,' said Mr. Hammerstein, 'Give me two dollars, Lyle. I want to get a couple of shirts and a necktie.'"

SOUSA MAROONED BY MUD.
That well known young composer, bandleader and trap shooter, John Philip Sousa, is marooned in Trenton and is finding life a heavy burden. Last Monday he started for Washington by car, accompanied by his daughter. The rain stopped them at Trenton, and there they have stuck ever since. Yesterday the bandleader wired Harry Akin at the Hippodrome as follows:

"The sun evidently misunderstood our plans, for it turned on the apogee and we came in here (Trenton) and now we are stuck. The rain is stuck and underneath internally, externally and uniformly is stuck. Mr. Burnside to stage a sunlit sea tomorrow so we can be off for Philadelphia. Three days in Trenton! Think of it! Please Peyton doesn't play here that job."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Said Silas McGuggin, in Peewee-
gle's store: "This rain, this gold
gets me turrible sore. It's nothin' but
chinnery; yet some people think to
be rich. I must be a society gink.
Why shuckin' the balls. I'm
swattin' the balls. It's mostly
talkin' and walkin' and stalls. And
you set in the bogie, whatever that be,
and you get the rain and guano
weak tea. Gee whiz, what a
load for great big strong men! 'Course,
when it's all right for a youngster of
about 18, you might imagine a feller
like me out hollerin' 'Maah' and
'Lott'er! and 'Teo?' They say it's
good exercise—maybe it is for weak-
lings. But I don't want to be a
dudglin' in child's play. 'twould be
no good. For exercise I always saw
and chop wood." Just then Sue Mc-
Guggin came in, and said, "Oh,
Father," she said, "Mother's gotten
quite sore. You told her your chop
her some wood and you ain't. You'd
better get some more, for she don't
wear paint." Old Silas said, "I
I'm too old for such work. That Mc-
Guggin's belongs to our friend, Pat Mc-
Guggin. He'll chop a whole cord for a
dollar out of me. When Silas went out
in a terrible stew.

HERZ AS AN AUCTIONEER.

It is only about a week ago that Ralph Herz, comedian, was married to a very attractive Washington girl. Yesterday an emissary of Leo Shubert went to the bridegroom and asked him if he would serve as an auctioneer at the sale of the first night seats for "The Passing Show of 1916" to be held Tuesday afternoon at the Winter Garden.

"I'll let you know later," was the comedian's reply. Three hours after that Mrs. Herz called at the Shubert office.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Herz may serve as an auctioneer."

By Ferd G. Long

IT'S TERRIBLY EMBARRASSING TO PLAY WITH THAT MAN! HE'S COMPLETELY CONFOUNDED AND CRITICAL- I'M POSITIVELY AFRAID OF HIM!

HAY! THIS AINT A SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS! WHY DONT YOU HIRE A HALL AND START A ! KINDERGARTEN!

I DONT SEE HOW HE DOES IT!

WHY DIDNT YOU RE-TURN THE SUIT WHEN I MADE THE REVERSE DISCARD? THAT WAS MY SIGNAL THAT I COULD TRUMP THE NEXT TRICK!

GOODNESS! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO REMEMBER ALL THAT!

AW- CUT OUT THAT INQUEST STUFF!

AW HE'S A FOUR FLUSHER!

THE CLEVER GUY WHO ALWAYS CONDUCTS A POST MORTEM OVER HIS SKILLFUL PARTNER IN THE BOOB CLASS.

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UH-H-UH-DO
YA MEAN TO SAY
YOU'D WANT YER
POP OUT AMONGST
BULLETS AN
SWORDS AN CANNON
BALLS

I RECKON YOU WOULD HATE TER SEE YER POP GO TO WAR !

OH, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM GO !

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By Bud Counihan

WHY YOU WERE
QUITE OBSCURE
BEFORE I MARRIED
YOU HENRY
HAGENPFEFFER!

YES BUT I
WASNT SO OBSCURE
THAT YOU DIDNT
FIND ME AN'
LAND ME!

OH! I GUESS I DIDN'T THROW MYSELF AT YOU - IN FACT 'TWAS QUITE THE OPPOSITE AN' I CAN PROVE IT!

PROVE IT ME EYE -Y'GOTT SHOW ME!

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HOW DYE MEAN THAT?

DANGONIT 'AT'S ONE OF MY MOST BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES!

By Vic


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EGG NO. 42.

Before the letters in the
were scrambled they spelled
name of something which
is before and never after.

See if you can arrange the
ters to spell what they origi-
dly were. The scrambled letters
Thursday's egg spelled
"HERITANCE."



Final Question. asked him if he had fulfilled the

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?"

"Oh, I flat wrote ma check fer ten poodens," said the Scotchman, "an took your five sovereigns as change."

—Argonaut.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO, the famous dramatist, who, as chairman of the United Arts Corps, is doing a great deal of hard work just now, tells an amusing story of a conversation he once heard while watching one of his own plays in the stalls at a West End theatre.

A lady and her little boy were sitting near him, and as the curtain went down on the second act the fond mother turned to her son and said: "Well, dear, are you enjoying it?" "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the youngster gleefully; "do you know, there are 89 men in this theatre who have bald spots on the top of their heads? I have counted them five times!"

As for that the lady ended the rest of the play without asking her young hopeful any more questions.—Pearson's.

THE regular trombone player of a Scottish orchestra was ill with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a man who had played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

The conductor replied that he had done fairly, but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The newcomer, saying him grate-

AN Englishman, Irishman and Scotchman made an agreement among themselves that whoever died first should have five pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and

By Jack Callahan

THE ONLY WAY YOU'D TAKE MEDICINE. REMEMBER?

I WON'T TAKE IT. UNLESS I GIT A NICKLE!!

ALL RIGHT- MAMA'S LIL' SUGAR PLUM. MAMA WILL GIVE YOU A NICKLE.

AW. GIVE HIM A DOSE O' POISON HE MAKES MORE NOISE THAN A PINOCHLE NUT.

INSTEAD OF CURIN' HIM YOU'RE MAKIN' ME SICK!

I'LL GIVE HIM A DOLLAR. IF HE LOCATES ONE OF THOSE NICKLES WHEN HE RECOVERS!

I GET A DIME WHEN I TAKE MY MEDICINE!

ALL I GET WITH MY MILK IS WATER.

By Arthur Baer

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YOU!

YOU'RE YOUNG KNOW TIME

WHY DO ALL THE KIDS SEEM TO KNOW **YOU** HAVE NO WATCH ON THE END OF THAT CHAIN?